MARVEL

MARVEL DIVAS™

ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA • TONCI ZONJIC

MARVEL

DIVAS

MARVEL DIVAS

WRITER
ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA

ARTIST
TONCI ZONJIC

COLORISTS
JUNE CHUNG
WITH
JELENA KEVIC DJURDJEVIC

LETTERERS
VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S CORY PETIT & CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

COVER ART
J. SCOTT CAMPBELL JELENA KEVIC DJURDJEVIC & PATRICK ZIRCHER

ASSISTANT EDITOR
JENNIFER GRÜNWALD

EDITORS
WARREN SIMONS & ALEJANDRO ARBONA

COLLECTION EDITOR
JENNIFER GRÜNWALD

ASSISTANT EDITORS
ALEX STARBUCK
& JOHN DENNING

EDITOR,
SPECIAL PROJECTS
MARK D. BEAZLEY

SENIOR EDITOR,
SPECIAL PROJECTS
JEFF YOUNGQUIST

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT
OF SALES
DAVID GABRIEL

BOOK DESIGN
JEFF POWELL

DIGITAL MANAGER/PRODUCTION
TIM SMITH 3

DIGITAL PRODUCTION
JACKELINE TEJADA

EDITOR IN CHIEF
C.B. CEBULSKI

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
JOE QUESADA

PRESIDENT
DAN BUCKLEY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ALAN FINE

© 2018 MARVEL. NO SIMILARITY BETWEEN ANY OF THE NAMES, CHARACTERS, PERSONS, AND/OR INSTITUTIONS IN THIS MAGAZINE WITH THOSE OF ANY LIVING OR DEAD PERSON OR INSTITUTION IS INTENDED, AND ANY SUCH SIMILARITY WHICH MAY EXIST IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

2009
delgado

PATSY WALKER'S APARTMENT IN NEW YORK CITY. THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE.

FINALLY! AFTER THREE YEARS OF SERIOUS PROCRASTINATION, I FINISHED MY NEW BOOK!

T-H-E-E-N-D.

THE SIX MOST BEAUTIFUL LETTERS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE...

AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. MY EDITOR AT SCRIBNER'S? *SECONDS* FROM TAKING BACK MY ADVANCE.

LOLA, MY AGENT, MADE SURE IT WAS FAST-TRACKED. (THAT POOR P.R. GIRL FROM SCRIBNER'S NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HER.)

THIS IS EVENT PUBLISHING AT ITS BEST! THE NEW TELL-ALL BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIDGET GOES TO HELL"? EXCUSE ME--HEL-LO!-- *THAT'S* AN EVENT! SO *NO* SKIMPING ON THE RELEASE PARTY!

WE WANT CHOCOLATE FOUNTAINS! HOT, GAY CATER-WAITERS! CELEBRITIES! SUPER-POWERED AND NON-SUPER-POWERED!

I INVITED ANGELICA, MONICA, AND FELICIA. THEY HAVE SUPER-POWERS. (WELL, I'M NOT SURE IF FELICIA DOES...)

AND THEY'RE SWEET GIRLS, BUT CAN ANY ONE OF THEM SUPPORT THEIR OWN ONGOING?

UGH, STALKERAZZI FAST APPROACHING...

I SWEAR, IT'S LIKE LOLA *PLANS* THIS STUFF.

MS. WALKER? DO YOU HAVE A MINUTE?

I DON'T KNOW--LOLA, DO I?

FOR PEOPLE MAGAZINE?

ONE MINUTE, AND NO QUESTIONS ABOUT EX-BOYFRIENDS, NANCE, OR I'LL GUT YOU LIKE A FISH!

I *GLIMPSED* A PREVIEW CHAPTER FROM YOUR BOOK.

ARE YOU REALLY ALLEGING THAT TONY STARK SEXILED YOU TO ALASKA AFTER YOUR SECRET AFFAIR SOURED?

WE--

THAT IS, HE--

BUY THE BOOK, NANCE, AND THANKS FOR PLAYING!

THE MOST FAMOUS ROOFTOP GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE IDEA BEING, I GUESS, THAT IF YOU HAVE A RELEASE PARTY ON TOP OF THE BAXTER BUILDING, AT LEAST *FOUR* CELEBRITIES WILL SHOW.

SIGNING

LIKE A CAT

I ASKED FOR THOR, I WOULD'VE SETTLED FOR A CLONE, HELL, I WOULD'VE SETTLED FOR WHAT'S-HIS-NAME, WITH THE HORSE FACE?

BETA RAY BILL?

BETA RAY BILL, EXACTLY, BUT YOU GIVE ME HOWARD THE DUCK? HEL-LO, IT'S THE FARMER IN THE DELL CALLING, HE WANTS HIS LIVESTOCK BACK!

LOLA--

HOLD THAT THOUGHT, SUGAR PLUM, WHERE'S PATSY?

MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHERE'S MY POMEGRANATE MARTINI?

IT'S ABOUT A WOMAN NAVIGATING THE SLIPPERY SLOPE OF SUPER HERO SINGLEDOM...

AUTHOR OF THE

#1

LIKE A CAT OUTT

LIKE A CAT OUTT

IT'S ABOUT ASKING THE HARD QUESTIONS.

IF YOU'RE NOT AN EMMA FROST, OR A CAROL DANVERS, OR AN ORORO MUNROE, HOW DO YOU COPE? HOW DO YOU FIND A BALANCE? WORK, RELATIONSHIPS, PERSONAL TIME?

DIGITAL VOICE RECORDER

03

00:49

MEANWHILE.

MONICA "CAPTAIN MARVEL" RAMBEAU AND FELICIA "BLACK CAT" HARDY.

THE GUY IN THE RED? BY THE CHOCOLATE FOUNTAIN?

WITHOUT A DOUBT.

THE GUY IN THE SPRAYED-ON JEANS BY THE SCARY TOPIARY?

ABSOLUTELY I WOULD.

IN FACT, I BELIEVE I ALREADY HAVE.

HEY, LADIES...

CRUISING MY BOOK-RELEASE PARTY?

YEAH, AND THE PICKINGS ARE SLIM. HOW LATE DO WE HAVE TO STAY?

AS LONG AS IT'S OPEN BAR, I'M HAPPY.

HEY, HAVE EITHER OF YOU SEEN ANGELICA?

I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE BAILED.

MAYBE SHE'S CRAMMING FOR FINALS OR SOMETHING.

SHE BLEW OFF OUR COFFEE DATE YESTERDAY.

OH, LORDY...

"...WHO INVITED THE A-LISTERS?"

SUSAN STORM! THE INVISIBLE WOMAN!

EMMA FROST! WHITE QUEEN AND ICE QUEEN!

ORORO MUNROE! QUEEN OF WAKANDA!

JENNIFER WALTERS! THE SENSATIONAL SHE-HULK!

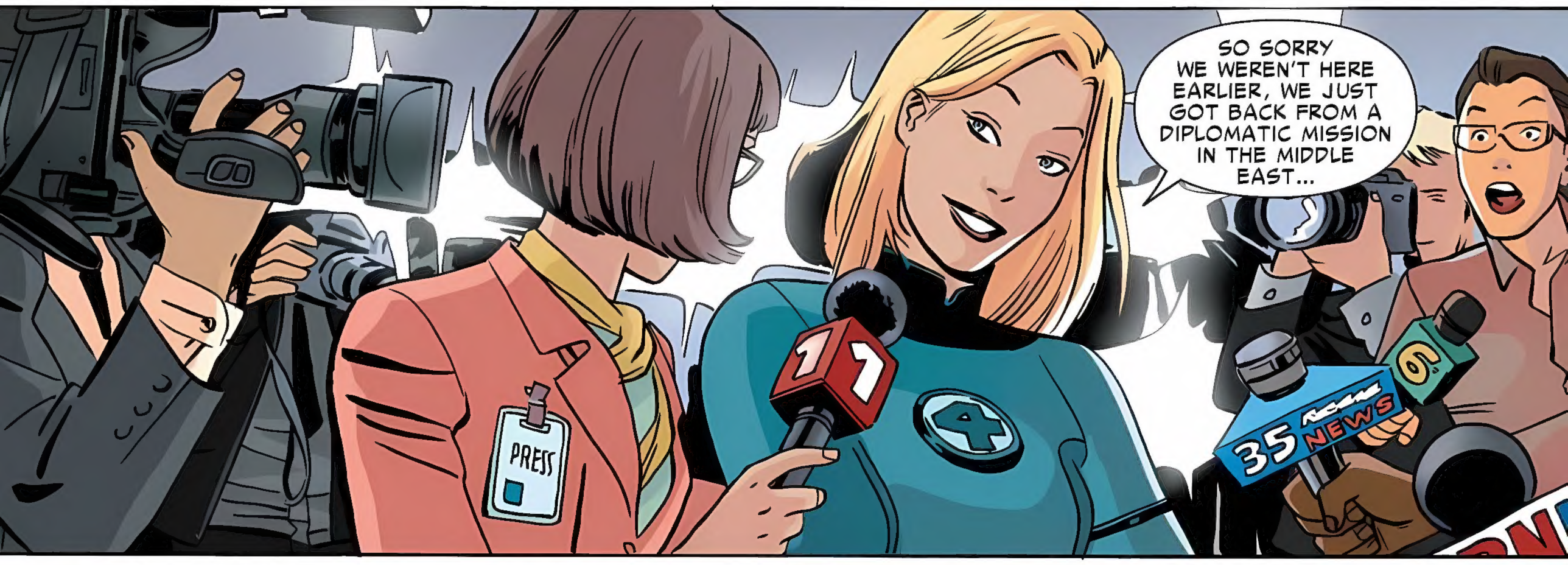
MY AGENT.

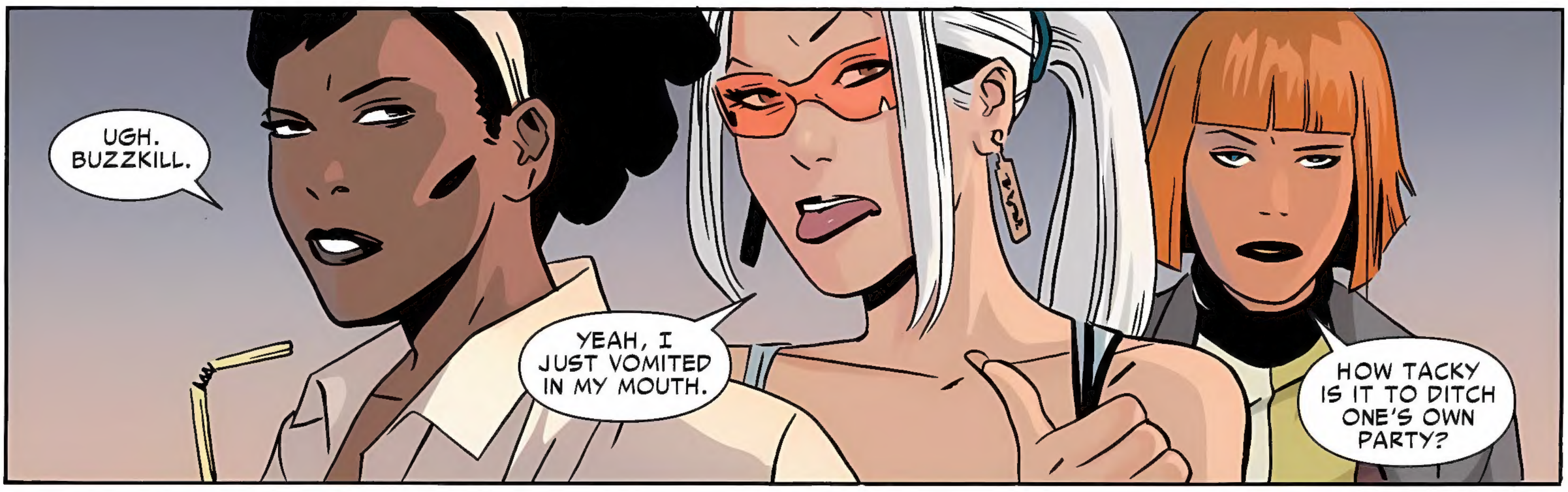
APPARENTLY, SUE RICHARDS COULDN'T PUT MY LAST BOOK DOWN.

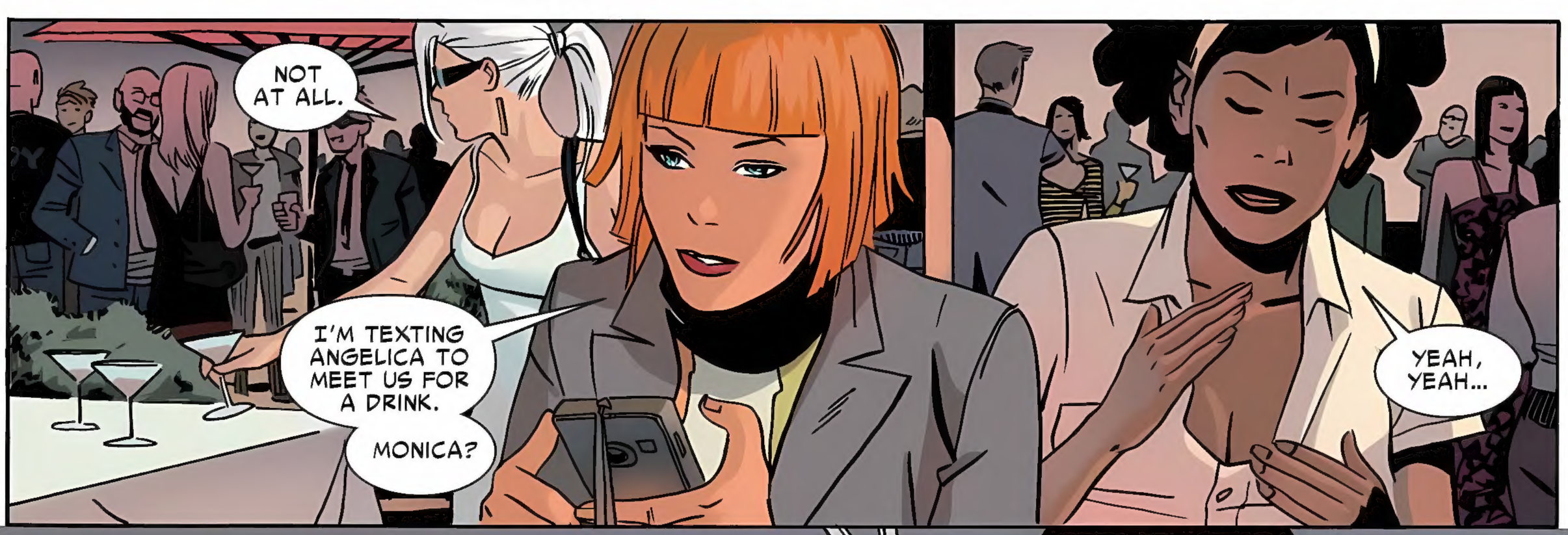
DITTO THE OTHER GLAMAZONS.

ALL RIGHT, NOW WE'RE COOKING.

SOMEBODY, ANYBODY! PICTURES OF THEM! IN FRONT OF A BOOK DISPLAY! YESTERDAY!


PRESS
SO SORRY WE WEREN'T HERE EARLIER, WE JUST GOT BACK FROM A DIPLOMATIC MISSION IN THE MIDDLE EAST...
11
4
35 NEWS
6


UGH. BUZZKILL.
YEAH, I JUST VOMITED IN MY MOUTH.
HOW TACKY IS IT TO DITCH ONE'S OWN PARTY?


NOT AT ALL.
I'M TEXTING ANGELICA TO MEET US FOR A DRINK.
MONICA?
YEAH, YEAH...

IT'S LIKE WE'RE IN HIGH SCHOOL AND I'M THE ONLY ONE WITH A DRIVER'S LICENSE.
I LOVE MY GAL-PALS. FELICIA, MONICA, AND ANGELICA, WHEREVER SHE IS.

WE MET--THIS IS A FUNNY STORY-- AT A SPEED-DATING FOR SINGLE SUPER HEROINES EVENT A WHILE BACK.

YOU KNOW THE KIND. YOU SIT OPPOSITE SOME GUY AND GIVE HIM YOUR VITAL STATS IN TEN SECONDS OR LESS:

DATE/MATCH

HI, MY NAME'S PATSY.

I DATED THE SON OF SATAN ONCE. NOW, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE A LITTLE NICER.

ANGELICA JONES, THE MUTANT FORMERLY KNOWN AS FIRESTAR.

HOPEFULLY YOU DON'T BURN EASILY?

MONICA. RAMBEAU.

IMPRESS ME.

FELICIA HARDY, UNLUCKY IN LOVE.

NOW AND FOREVER.

HEH-HEH, I'M MELVIN.

I THINK SPANDEX ROCKS.

TROY. JUST...

...TROY.

FACE IT, TIGRESS--

--YOU JUST HIT THE JACKPOT.

ROGER, AND CAN I JUST SAY?

I THINK YOU'RE FABULOUS.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, NO LOVE-CONNECTIONS WERE MADE THAT NIGHT.

BUT AN UNLIKELY FRIENDSHIP WAS BORN...

YOU KNOW, I'VE MISSED THIS. NOW THAT I'M RETIRED AND NOT A PART OF THE NEW WARRIORS, I'VE MISSED THE HANGING OUT.

THE GOSSIPING, YOU MEAN.

I'VE FELT THE SAME SINCE HEROES FOR HIRE FELL APART.

OUR LINE OF WORK CAN BE... ISOLATING.

PLEASE. YOU WANT TO TALK ISOLATION? TRY BEING A BLACK WOMAN IN THIS BUSINESS.

WHY DO YOU THINK I AGREED TO THE NEXTWAVE EXPERIMENT? HEALTH INSURANCE?

AND JUST LIKE THAT, WE WERE OFF.

AND IT WASN'T ANYTHING OFFICIAL, BUT IT *WAS* A GREAT WAY TO BLOW OFF STEAM.

POOL DAYS AT CHELSEA PIERS.

IS THAT WONDER MAN?

IF IT IS, I *WONDER* IF HE STUFFS.

MONICA!

COME ON, LADIES, ENOUGH WITH THE OBJECTIFICATION.

MOVIE NIGHTS AT THE PARIS.

I DON'T CARE WHAT THE MOVIE'S ABOUT, SO LONG AS IT'S IN FRENCH.

MY PROBLEM IS, I DON'T GO TO THE MOVIES TO READ.

SHHHH.

PARIS...

÷SIGH÷

MY HONEYMOON WITH VANCE WAS GONNA BE IN PARIS...

MANI-PEDIS AT THE BUTTERFLY SPA.

IS THERE ANYTHING BETTER THAN HAVING SOMEONE BE KIND TO YOUR FEET? IT'S BETTER THAN SEX, EVEN.

UH-UH. THE BEST IS GETTING A FOOT RUB FROM YOUR LOVER, *AFTER* SEX.

I ONCE DATED THIS GUY--

ENOUGH ABOUT VANCE!

EXHIBITS AT THE WHITNEY.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN -- I'M THE **OTHER** WOMAN!

I SHOULD HAVE MORE ART IN MY LIFE. MEN COME AND GO, BUT ART...IS ETERNAL.

YOU'RE IN GRAD SCHOOL, ANGIE, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THIS IS CONTEMPORARY ART. I'M FOCUSING ON THE BYZANTINE AND MEDIEVAL PERIODS.

ROY LICHTENSTEIN ROCKS MY WORLD.

EVERY NOW AND THEN, SUITING UP TO HELP OUT WITH THE ODD ALIEN INVASION, SECRET WAR, COMPANY-WIDE CROSSOVER, ETC.

BUT ENOUGH BACKSTORY.

WAITER! WAITRESS! A ROUND OF LEMON DROP MARTINIS, S'IL VOUS PLAIT?

AND A VODKA TONIC.

AND A MOJITO.

shiva BAR

OH, GOD. NOT THEM AGAIN.

FIVE MINUTES LATER.

ALL RIGHT, I'M TOTALLY OUT OF THE LOOP 'CAUSE OF MY BOOK, SO--*LOOP ME, SOMEBODY!*

BEFORE WE GOT SIDETRACKED AT YOUR PAR-TAY, MONICA WAS TELLING ME ABOUT HER LATEST ROMANTIC TRAIN-WRECK.

WITCH.

FLOOR'S YOURS, RAMBEAU.

AND THEN I HAVE A TALE OF WOE.

OKAY. IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE I'M FROM NEW ORLEANS, RIGHT?

"WELL, I SPENT A LOT OF TIME THERE POST-K, CLEANING UP THE MESS YOU WHITE PEOPLE LEFT BEHIND."

ANYTHING, MONICA?

NO ENERGY SIGNATURES YET, T'CHALLA, BUT GIVE A GIRL A MINUTE...

PALACE

...IF THERE ARE ANY SURVIVORS UNDER THIS RUBBLE, I'LL FIND THEM.

New Orleans

"LONG-STORY-SHORT, AFTER THE FLOOD CAME THE VAMPIRES..."

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT SUNLIGHT.

SUNLIGHT'S A KIND OF ENERGY--

--AND I SPECIALIZE IN THE GENERATION AND DISCHARGE OF ENERGY.

FRY, BLACULA!

"THE PANTHER HAD ASSEMBLED A TEAM OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS. HIM, ME, LUKE CAGE, BLADE...AND BROTHER VOODOO."

IT'S NICE HAVING YOU BACK IN THE BIG EASY, RAMBEAU.

Burgundy

WE JUST VANQUISHED AN ARMY OF THE UNDEAD, JERICHO.

IF YOU WANT TO ASK ME OUT FOR SOME JAMBALAYA, DO IT.

SEAFOOD

MARIE CHRISTIE'S? MIDNIGHT?

MMMM. J'ADORE CAJUN FOOD.

I SMELL FOREPLAY.

GIRLS, PLEASE, WE HAD DINNER.

AND THEN, AFTER DINNER...

"...ALL RIGHT, WHAT CAN I SAY?

"WE WERE STILL PUMPED FROM THE VAMPIRES, I GUESS.

"AND THEN, *AFTER*-AFTER DINNER..."

YOU KNOW, MONICA, YOU COULD STAY A WHILE.

BE NICE NOT TO WAKE UP ALONE, FOR A CHANGE.

UHHH...

ME? STAY?

"NEEDLESS TO SAY, I *FLED.*

"FASTER THAN A RAY OF LIGHT."

I KNOW WHAT I WANT, LADIES, AND WHAT I *WANT* IS TO MOVE AT *MY* PACE...NOT AT SOME *MAN'S* PACE.

SO YOUR COMMITMENT ISSUES REAR THEIR UGLY HEADS.

SO HE'S IN NEW ORLEANS, YOU'RE IN NEW YORK.

SO WHAT'S THE *TRAUMA?*

BROTHER VOODOO IS HERE IN NEW YORK.

HAS HE CALLED YOU? *TEXTED* YOU?

I WISH...

...BUT NO, I FOUND *THIS* PROPPED UP AGAINST MY APARTMENT'S FRONT DOOR!

"XOXOXO"

IT'S OBVIOUS. HE'S *WOOING* YOU.

MORE ACCURATELY, HE'S *STALKING* YOU.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? I DON'T WANT HIM *ZOMBIFYING* ME JUST 'CAUSE I'M NOT INTO *CUDDLING*.

MEN...WHY DO THEY ALWAYS RUIN THINGS BY *TALKING?*

HAVE I TOLD YOU THE LATEST WITH THOMAS?

NOT YET, BUT I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE *ABOUT* TO.

OKAY, AS CHRONICLED ON PAGE SIX, THOMAS FIREHEART AND I HAVE BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER, OFF AND ON, FOR A FEW MONTHS NOW...

ANYWAY, I MENTIONED TO HIM, VERY CASUALLY, THAT I'D FINISHED MY BUSINESS PLAN AND THAT I WAS IN THE PROCESS OF LOOKING FOR OFFICE SPACE, AND HE SAID:

FUN.

I'LL COME WITH.

"SO WE STARTED LOOKING AT STOREFRONTS TOGETHER, TRYING TO FIND THE *PURRRFECT* PLACE TO RE-OPEN CAT'S EYE INVESTIGATIONS...

I KNOW WE WERE TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING A BIT MORE CENTRALLY LOCATED, BUT GIVEN YOUR BUDGET, THIS IS AS CENTRAL AS WE'RE GOING TO GET.

ACTUALLY--

WHO ARE THE NEIGHBORS?

UH, THERE'S A PILATES STUDIO ON THE RIGHT AND A COMIC BOOK SHOP ON THE LEFT.

A PILATES STUDIO, THAT'S--

HOW'S FOOT TRAFFIC?

DECENT, FOR THE AREA, WHICH IS UP AND COMING.

AND THE FIGURE YOU QUOTED US. HOW MUCH WIGGLE ROOM DO WE HAVE THERE?

I'D HAVE TO DISCUSS IT WITH THE OWNER, OF COURSE, BUT LAST WE TALKED, HE WAS QUITE ADAMANT--

COULD I CONTACT HIM DIRECTLY?

MRS. BROOKS, WOULD YOU EXCUSE US A MINUTE?

YOU'RE MAD. I CAN TELL.

SHOULDN'T I BE?

THIS IS ***EXACTLY*** WHY I DIDN'T WANT YOU TAGGING ALONG.

I'M ONLY TRYING TO HELP, BABY.

DON'T CALL ME "***BABY***"!

I'M NOT YOUR BABY, I'M NOT ***ANYONE'S*** BABY!

AND FOR THE RECORD, EVERY QUESTION YOU'VE ASKED, THOMAS? I ALREADY KNEW THE ANSWER! AND ALL THE PLACES WE'VE VISITED? I'VE RESEARCHED THEM ***ALL*** BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS!

I WOULD'VE BEEN SHOCKED IF YOU HADN'T, BUT YOU'LL AGREE THAT I'VE HAD A ***WEE*** BIT MORE EXPERIENCE THAN YOU IN THIS PARTICULAR ARENA?

MAYBE SO, BUT THIS IS THE PLACE ***I*** WANT FOR CAT'S EYE, AND I DON'T WANT ***YOU*** TRYING TO TALK ME OUT OF IT!

HONEY...CAT... OF ALL THE PLACES WE'VE SEEN, THIS ONE'S MY FAVORITE, TOO.

IT IS?

WITHOUT A DOUBT. IT'S NEAR THE SUBWAY, A POST OFFICE, A POLICE STATION; THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S ON THE RISE, BUT NOT QUITE THERE...

SPEAKING AS YOUR LOVER AND AS A BUSINESS TYCOON, I TRULY, ***SINCERELY*** BELIEVE A DETECTIVE AGENCY COULD THRIVE HERE.

YOU...YOU REALLY THINK SO?

ABSOLUTELY.

SO LET'S GO FIND MRS. BROOKS, I'LL WRITE HER A CHECK FOR YOUR DOWN PAYMENT, AND WE'LL GET EVERYTHING SQUARED AWAY.

IMAGINE A NEEDLE SCRATCHING ACROSS A RECORD...

...TIMES TEN.

OH-NO-HE-DID-NOT.

FELICIA, MY GOD, WHAT DID YOU SAY?

WHAT *COULD* I SAY?

HOW DARE YOU? HOW DARE YOU, THOMAS FIREHEART!

FELICIA! CAT!

RETRACT!

RE! TRACT!

I'M ***NOT*** A CHARITY CASE, THOMAS! I DON'T WANT OR ***NEED*** YOUR MONEY!

YOU DO, ACTUALLY.

YOU ASKED ME TO STRAIGHTEN OUT YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS, REMEMBER?

AND YOUR FINANCES ARE NOWHERE ***NEAR*** WHAT THEY NEED TO BE TO LAUNCH A BUSINESS--AND THAT'S ***FINE.*** THAT'S ***OKAY.***

BECAUSE ***I*** HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY AND I BELIEVE IN YOU.

AND I CAN DO THIS FOR YOU AND IT WOULD MAKE ME ***HAPPY*** TO DO THIS FOR YOU.

IT'S WHAT PEOPLE IN LOVE DO FOR EACH OTHER.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ***LET*** ME HELP YOU.

SAY "*YES,*" AND I'LL WRITE YOU THE CHECK.

YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT, DID YOU?

I... COULDN'T.

shiva BAR

AND HE'S COMPLETELY RIGHT, BY THE WAY.

I HAVE ***SOME*** SAVINGS, BUT I LOST MY SKIRT WHEN THE MARKET CRASHED, AND THE START-UP COSTS FOR A BUSINESS ARE... DAUNTING, TO SAY THE LEAST.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU DON'T TAKE THE CHECK, THEN. IF HE WANTS TO LEND YOU THE MONEY--

HE DOESN'T WANT TO LEND HER THE MONEY, HE WANTS TO *GIVE* HER THE MONEY, AND *THAT'S* THE PROBLEM.

FELICIA'S LIKE ME...

...WE DON'T *DO* "DAMSEL IN DISTRESS."

I WANT THIS BUSINESS TO BE *MINE.* SOMETHING I DO *FOR* MYSELF, *BY* MYSELF.

AND THOMAS, FOR WHATEVER REASON, JUST CAN'T *SEE* THAT.

HE WANTS TO BE YOUR KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR, THAT'S ALL.

BUT FELICIA, IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE MONEY, AND YOU'RE NOT TAKING IT FROM THOMAS, WHAT DOES THAT *MEAN?*

NO CAT'S EYE INVESTIGATIONS?

I'D LEND YOU THE MONEY IF I HAD IT...

I WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO DO THAT, PATSY.

AND JUST BECAUSE I DON'T *HAVE* THE MONEY NOW DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T *GET* IT ON MY OWN.

AND THAT JUST HANGS THERE, OVER OUR LITTLE THREESOME, AND NO ONE SAYS WHAT WE'RE ALL THINKING: THAT FELICIA'S NOT TALKING ABOUT A BANK LOAN HERE.

THE TRUTH IS, FELICIA'S BEEN A CAT BURGLAR AND THIEF A LOT LONGER THAN SHE'S BEEN ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS...

PARTLY TO CUT THE GLOOM-'N-DOOM, AND PARTLY 'CAUSE I CAN'T KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT ABOUT ANYTHING, I ANNOUNCE:

WELL, I HAD A RUN-IN WITH DAIMON.

DAIMON...

...HELLSTROM?

ALL WE DID WAS TALK!

GIRL, ARE YOU CRAZY?!

PATSY, HE'S THE SON OF SATAN!

I KNOW, BUT HE'S SO DREAMY...

I'LL GIVE YOU THAT. THESE OCCULT TYPES ARE HOT.

WHAT HAPPENED, EXACTLY?

"I WAS IN THE BARNES AND NOBLE AT LINCOLN CENTER, CHECKING OUT MY BOOK'S COMPETITION, WHEN I *SMELT* SOMETHING VERY FAMILIAR..."

POPULAR CONTEMPORARY

BRIMSTONE?

HEEL MISTER

PTA

SAME OLD PATSY.

ALWAYS WITH HER NOSE IN A BOOK.

"AND I DON'T KNOW *HOW* HE DOES IT, BUT I..."

...WELL, WELL, *WELL*. LOOK AT WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN!

ANGELICA JONES, WHERE THE HELL HAVE *YOU*--

ANGIE? ARE YOU OKAY?

S-SORRY I MISSED YOUR PARTY, PATSY.

I...I WAS FINISHING UP WITH MY ONCOLOGIST, AND...AND...

HERE, GIRL, SIT DOWN--

WE'LL GET YOU SOME WATER--

SHE'S MY FRIEND.

I *HAVE* TO ASK:

ANGIE, HONEY...WHAT WERE YOU DOING AT AN ONCOLOGIST'S?

...I HAVE CANCER.

IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO KNOW THAT THIS IS--

MARVEL DIVAS

Book One of Four: Bad News on a Good Day

2

TACKA-TACKA-
TACK-TAP-
TAP-

PATSY, WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, GIRL?

I...

I'M WRITING ABOUT THIS, MONICA.

UHM.

A LITTLE *TACKY*, DON'T YOU THINK? A LITTLE *EXPLOITATIVE?*

I DATED A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE...HE ALWAYS SAID: "ANYTHING'S FAIR GAME, LEESH. EVERYTHING'S A STORY."

YEAH, BUT THIS IS OUR *FRIEND.*

IT'S OKAY...

...I ASKED HER TO DO IT.

ANGELICA, WHY?

FASH MAGAZINE

BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO BE A VICTIM, MONICA. I'M GOING TO ***BEAT*** THIS THING. AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS, I WANT A RECORD OF ***HOW*** I BEAT IT. TO HELP OTHER WOMEN.

ONCE A NEW WARRIOR, ALWAYS A NEW WARRIOR...

AND I TOLD MY EDITOR AT REDBOOK. THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE SOME PUFF PIECE--

OBVIOUSLY NOT, IT'S ABOUT CANCER.

WHAT I ***MEAN*** IS: THIS IS GOING TO BE AS HONEST AS POSSIBLE. AS "*IN-THE-MOMENT*" AND REAL AS I CAN ***MAKE*** IT.

YOU BETTER.

OR YOU'LL HAVE EVERY FEMALE SUPER HERO THIS SIDE OF THE INITIATIVE ***GUNNING*** FOR YOU.

MS. JONES...

...I'M THE NIGHT NURSE.

WILL YOU KINDLY FOLLOW ME?

IT'S ELEVEN IN THE MORNING.

HMM?

YOU'RE SEEING ME AT ELEVEN IN THE MORNING, BUT YOU CALL YOURSELF THE NIGHT NURSE.

IT HELPS NOT TO BE *TOO* LITERAL-MINDED AROUND HERE.

READY, MS. JONES?

CLACK!

DO YOU HAVE A ***REAL*** NAME? LIKE, ON YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE?

I DO, BUT I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT WHO I TELL.

AH, THERE IT IS. THE SIZE OF A PEA, IT FEELS LIKE.

WELL, I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT WHO TOUCHES MY BREASTS, BUT HERE I AM, LETTING YOU, A TOTAL STRANGER, HAVE HER WAY WITH ME.

...

I THINK I HEAR THE DOCTOR APPROACHING.

ANGELICA JONES, I'M STEPHEN STRANGE.

A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, DESPITE THE CIRCUMSTANCES. OR, IF OUR PATHS HAVE CROSSED BEFORE, IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

I THINK WE'VE MET ONCE OR TWICE...

DR. McDREAMY, PAGING DR. McDREAMY...

THE NIGHT NURSE TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN DIAGNOSED WITH BREAST CANCER, MS. JONES.

STAGE TWO, DOCTOR. HER ONCOLOGIST IS ALBERT HILL AT MOUNT SINAI.

A GOOD MAN, HILL.

YEAH, HE'S GREAT, BUT MY FRIENDS ARE INSISTING I GET A SECOND OPINION FROM... WELL...

OF COURSE.

I'M NOT SPECIFICALLY AN ONCOLOGIST, MS. JONES, AND I'M NO LONGER SORCERER SUPREME, BUT I STILL HAVE *SOME* TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE.

LIE BACK, MY DEAR. THIS WON'T HURT A BIT.

DR. HILL SCHEDULED ME FOR SOME X-RAYS...

WHICH IS, ESSENTIALLY, WHAT I'M DOING. EXCEPT I'M USING MY *MAGIC* TO ANALYZE YOUR BIO-ENERGIES FOR CONTAMINANTS.

LET'S SEE IF THIS NASTY LITTLE TUMOR OF YOURS HAS SPREAD TO ANY OTHER PART OF YOUR BODY.

IF IT HELPS YOU RELAX, COUNT BACKWARDS FROM ONE HUNDRED.

"OH, MY LORD..."

WHAT IS IT, MONICA?

BROTHER CAN'T TAKE A HINT.

AND BY "*BROTHER*," I MEAN BROTHER VOODOO.

SUCKER KEEPS *TEXTING* ME.

FASH

AT LEAST HE'S NOT SENDING YOU VOODOO DOLLS ANYMORE.

AND ISN'T IT *DOCTOR* VOODOO, NOW?

BROTHER, DOCTOR, HE'S DONE *A LOT* WORSE THAN DOLLS.

UHHHHHHRRR?

YOU'VE *GOT* TO BE KIDDING ME.

HAVE YOU SEEN HIM SINCE HE GOT TO NEW YORK?

LIE OR TELL THE TRUTH?

YES, BUT ONLY 'CAUSE I WAS SICK OF HAVING ZOMBIES SHOW UP ON MY DOORSTEP.

"WE MET AT-- WHERE ELSE?-- THE VOODOO LOUNGE IN HARLEM."

SO...

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, MONICA?

BUSY, JERICHO.

YOU OWE ME TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

HOW YOU FIGURE THAT?

THAT'S HOW MUCH IT COST TO ***STEAM-CLEAN*** THE DIRT OUT OF MY BUILDING'S CARPETS AFTER YOUR ***ZOMBIE*** SHUFFLED BY.

WHAT'S YOUR ***PROBLEM***, 'BEAU? WE HAD FUN TOGETHER IN NEW ORLEANS. A ***LOT*** OF FUN, IF YOU WANT TO GET ***INNUENDO-Y*** ABOUT IT.

THAT...WAS A ONE-TIME-ONLY DEAL.

AND IT WAS MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM NEW YORK, SO IT DOESN'T EVEN ***COUNT***.

...
I LIKE THIS SONG.
...
ME, TOO, ACTUALLY.
SO WHAT IF WE KEPT THINGS PROFESSIONAL?
(THIS IS NICE, ISN'T IT?)
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
(WATCH WHERE YOU PUT YOUR GROIN, VOODOO.)
I BELIEVE WHAT I'M ASKING IS...
...WANNA HAVE A TEAM-UP?
I NEED SOME HELP ON A CASE.

I TRACKED AN OCCULT ARTIFACT FROM NEW ORLEANS TO NEW YORK; THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. THE GENTLEMAN IN POSSESSION OF THIS ARTIFACT IS LOOKING TO SELL IT. HOWEVER, HE WON'T SELL IT TO ME.

HOW COME?

LONG, BORING STORY INVOLVING ME AND HIS FATHER, WHOM I ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

CLASSY.

THE POINT IS, I NEED A MIDDLE MAN. OR, MORE ACCURATELY, A MIDDLELADY. SOMEONE WHO'S NOT MAGICAL. HE'D SMELL THAT A MILE AWAY.

I NEED *YOU*, MONICA.

YOU DON'T KNOW ***WHAT*** YOU NEED OR WANT, JERICHO.

BUT I ADMIT I'M ***MILDLY*** INTRIGUED. WHAT'S THE OBJECT AND WHO'S THE SELLER?

THE ***OBJECT OCCULTE*** IS THE LEGENDARY MONKEY'S PAW.

THE SELLER IS BARON SAMEDI, THE ***NEW*** BARON SAMEDI.

THE MONKEY'S PAW? WHAT IS THIS, SIXTH GRADE ENGLISH CLASS?

IT'S REAL, APPARENTLY. *AND* POWERFUL.

I...TOLD HIM I'D HELP HIM GET IT.

TALK ABOUT SENDING *MIXED* MESSAGES.

WHY, MAY I ASK?

I HAVE MY REASONS.

FORGET THE PAW, DID YOU *SLEEP* WITH HIM? AFTER THE VOODOO LOUNGE?

WE...

...*IRONED OUT* SOME OF THE *TERMS* OF OUR TEAM-UP.

AND *THAT'S* ALL YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF ME.

WELL, IT'S OFFICIAL...

...I HAVE BREAST CANCER.

I'LL CALL DR. PYM AND SEE HOW SOON HE CAN FIT YOU IN, MS. JONES.

THE GOOD NEWS IS: IT HASN'T SPREAD YET.

ALSO: THE FACT THAT IT'S ONE *ISOLATED* TUMOR INCREASES THE TREATMENT'S LIKELIHOOD OF SUCCESS.

SWELL, BUT ANY TOM, DICK, OR HARRY COULD'VE TOLD US THAT! WHY DOESN'T STRANGE CAST SOME SPELL AND JUST *CURE* YOU?

ALAS, IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY, PATSY. THERE ARE LIMITS TO WHAT EVEN A FORMER SORCERER SUPREME CAN DO.

...

BELIEVE ME, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE FACED SUCH A DILEMMA.

ALL DUE RESPECT, STRANGE: IS IT THAT YOU *CAN'T* CURE ANGELICA OR THAT YOU *WON'T?*

PATSY--

--CHILL, GIRL.

AGAIN, THIS IS BEYOND MY PURVIEW AS A MYSTIC.

AS A PHYSICIAN, HOWEVER, I'VE MADE MY RECOMMENDATION: SEE HENRY PYM AND DON'T DESPAIR.

EXCUSE ME, LADIES, BUT THERE'S *NOTHING* MORE THE DOCTOR CAN DO FOR YOU AT THIS MOMENT IN TIME.

I'LL CALL HENRY PYM AND THEN CALL YOU, MS. JONES, AS SOON AS I HEAR BACK--ALL RIGHT?

I WONDER IF I SHOULD'VE ASKED DR. STRANGE ABOUT THE PAW...

NAH, PROBABLY NOT THE TIME...

SORRY. SORRY I FREAKED OUT, YOU GUYS.

OBVIOUSLY IT'S NOT STRANGE'S FAULT, I'M JUST... LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO BLAME, I GUESS.

IN THAT CASE, LOOK NO FURTHER...

...IT'S MY FAULT. MY BODY'S DOING THIS TO ME.

YOU CAN'T THINK THAT WAY, ANGELICA. THIS IS STUPID, AWFUL, ***HORRENDOUS*** BAD LUCK--THAT'S ***ALL.***

AND BELIEVE ME, HONEY, I KNOW FROM BAD LUCK.

IT'S MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT, FELICIA.

YOU GUYS KNOW MY MUTANT POWERS ARE MICROWAVE-BASED, RIGHT? THAT ***THAT'S*** HOW I GENERATE HEAT AND FIRE?

YEAH...

I DON'T LIKE WHERE THIS IS GOING...

"WELL, A FEW YEARS BACK, WHEN I WAS A MEMBER OF THE NEW WARRIORS AND ENGAGED TO VANCE, I DISCOVERED THAT MY POWERS WERE SLOWLY POISONING ME.

"THAT IF I KEPT USING THEM, THEY WOULD MAKE ME INFERTILE."

DON'T STRESS, ANGIE, WE'LL...WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS.

SOMEHOW.

I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT THIS...

MADE ME FREAK ABOUT MY ***OWN*** POWERS...

I RETIRED FOR A WHILE. I THOUGHT: "I MAY NOT WANT TO BE A MOTHER ***RIGHT THIS SECOND***, BUT I WILL EVENTUALLY."

LATER... RELUCTANTLY... I JOINED THE AVENGERS.

"THAT'S WHEN HENRY PYM FIGURED OUT WHAT WAS WRONG WITH MY PHYSIOLOGY."

MOST MUTANTS ARE *IMMUNE* TO THEIR POWERS, ANGELICA, BUT FOR WHATEVER REASON, THAT PART OF YOUR CELLULAR MAKEUP HASN'T DEVELOPED YET.

"AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, HOW TO *CURE* IT."

IF YOU WEAR THIS SUIT OF BIOCIRCUITRY FOR, OH, SAY THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, IT SHOULD DRAIN AWAY THE EXCESS MICROWAVE ENERGY THAT'S BEEN BUILDING UP THE TOXICITY IN YOUR CELLS--

--AS WELL AS, HOPEFULLY, KICK-START YOUR NATURAL IMMUNITY.

SIX MONTHS? IS THAT ALL?!

OH, DOCTOR, *THANK YOU!*

I KNEW...

I *KNEW*, IN MY HEART OF HEARTS, I *NEVER* SHOULD'VE TAKEN THAT DAMN SUIT OFF...

ONCE THE SIX MONTHS WERE UP, I *DECIDED* I WAS GOING TO BE FINE, NO IFS, ANDS, OR BUTS.

AS STUPID AS IT SOUNDS, I *NEEDED* TO STOP THINKING OF MYSELF AS BEING "SICK," YOU KNOW?

OF COURSE.

IT'S NOT STUPID AT ALL; IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE.

WHEN I RETIRED AGAIN TO GO TO GRAD SCHOOL, I ASSUMED IT WAS OVER.

OH, SOMEWHERE, IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD, A LITTLE VOICE WOULD SAY, EVERY SO OFTEN: *"CALL HENRY PYM. CALL REED RICHARDS. CALL STEPHEN STRANGE. HAVE SOMEONE CHECK YOU OUT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE STILL IN THE CLEAR..."*

...BUT I IGNORED IT.

WE ALL DO. IT'S HUMAN NATURE.

NOBODY TAKES CARE OF THEMSELVES THE WAY THEY SHOULD. I KNOW *I* DON'T.

I HAVEN'T HAD A PHYSICAL IN...

MONTHS? YEARS? MEMO TO SELF...

IT DOESN'T MATTER *WHAT* CAUSED THIS, WHAT MATTERS IS: NOW THAT YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT IT, YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE STEPS TO PROTECT YOURSELF. HANK PYM HELPED YOU ONCE, MAYBE HE CAN HELP YOU AGAIN.

THAT'S WHAT LINDA SAID, TOO.

LINDA?

OH, THAT'S... THE NIGHT NURSE.

HER REAL NAME'S LINDA. SHE TOLD ME.

GREAT, SO THE NEXT STEP IS: WAIT FOR, AH, *LINDA* TO CALL CONFIRMING AN APPOINTMENT WITH PYM.

IN THE MEANTIME, YOU KNOW WHAT *I* RECOMMEND?

KNOWING YOU, PATSY, SOMETHING WILDLY INAPPROPRIATE.

SOMETHING *FUN*, TO KEEP THE POSITIVITY FLOWING! AFTER ALL, YOU'RE ONLY AS SICK AS YOU FEEL. LUNCH? A MOVIE?

WELL, I *DO* NEED A NEW DRESS...

FOR MY "*PROJECT*" WITH JERICHO.

GREAT, YOU'RE IN.

FELICIA?

I WISH I COULD, KITTENS, BUT I'M *BROKE*, AND WINDOW-SHOPPING DOESN'T REALLY *DO* IT FOR ME. PLUS...

"...MOMMA'S GOT AN APPOINTMENT SHE CAN'T MISS."

THIS IS DIFFICULT, MS. HARDY...

UNITED MUTUAL BANK

WE MIND.

...BUT I'VE BEEN REVIEWING YOUR LOAN APPLICATION, AND YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH IN TERMS OF COLLATERAL, DO YOU?

MY APARTMENT'S BOUGHT AND PAID FOR, MR. JENKINS. WHAT IF I REFINANCED IT? OR BORROWED AGAINST IT?

IN THIS FISCAL CLIMATE? TOO MUCH OF A GAMBLE, I'M AFRAID.

ADDITIONALLY, THERE ARE *OTHER* MATTERS TO CONSIDER. ETHICAL ONES, MS. HARDY.

MY PAST AS THE BLACK CAT IS... MY PAST. BUT I'M REFORMED NOW; I'M REGISTERED; I WAS A MEMBER OF HEROES FOR HIRE, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

AND THIS IS THE FIFTH BANK I'VE BEEN TO! *PLEASE*, MR. JENKINS!

YOU OBVIOUSLY DON'T REMEMBER IT, BUT THE BLACK CAT ONCE ROBBED *THIS* BANK, MS. HARDY. THIS VERY BRANCH...WHILE *I* WAS ON DUTY.

YOU STOLE OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY...OUT FROM UNDER *MY* NOSE, ON *MY* WATCH.

I'M SORRY, BUT WE'RE JUST NOT THE RIGHT FIT.

YOUR APPLICATION FOR A LOAN IS OFFICIALLY...

HAVE A NICE DAY

HARDY, F. *

DENIED! FIVE TIMES!

WELL, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

CRUNCH!

I EXPECTED A FIGHTING CHANCE!

I EXPECTED TO BE TREATED LIKE A HUMAN BEING!

HELLO, 911? SOME @$$&#*% JUST TRIED TO MUG ME BUT THE BLACK CAT KICKED HIS @$$!

OW.

WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE...A HEAD OF LETTUCE GETTING CRUSHED.

I'M SO ANGRY RIGHT NOW, THOMAS!

I KNOW, BAY--

(DON'T CALL HER "BABY.")

--I KNOW, FELICIA.

WHAT'S THE POINT OF REFORMING IF YOU'RE ONLY GOING TO HAVE *DOORS* SLAMMED IN YOUR FACE, AGAIN AND AGAIN?

BUT LEESH, I'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES: YOU DON'T NEED TO GO TO BANKS. I CAN GIVE YOU THE MONEY TO REOPEN CAT'S EYE INVESTIGATIONS.

AND I'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES, THOMAS. *EN. OH. NO.* I'M DOING THIS *FOR* MYSELF, *BY* MYSELF. I DON'T WANT YOU BAILING ME OUT EVERY--

--HEY, THOMAS, CAN I CALL YOU BACK?

WHY, IS SOMETHING HAPPENING?

NOT AT ALL.

I JUST HAD A STROKE OF INSPIRATION...

...AND I'M GOING TO FOLLOW IT UP WITH A LITTLE RESEARCH AND RECON.

I'LL CALL YOU.

TRUTH

KNOWLEDGE

IMMORTAL WEALTH

THE GOLDEN TREASURES OF ANCIENT EGYPT

IMMORTAL WEALTH

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE.

TACKA-
TACKA-
TACKA-

...AFTER STEPHEN STRANGE'S DIAGNOSIS, FELICIA PEELED OFF, AND MONICA AND I TOOK ANGELICA OUT FOR LUNCH AND SOME RETAIL THERAPY.

ONCE A MODEL, ALWAYS A MODEL, I GUESS.

IT STILL GIVES ME SUCH A THRILL TO SEE YOU DO THAT.

DAIMON!

YOU GET INTO SUCH A ZONE WHEN YOU'RE WRITING...YOUR FINGERS FLY ACROSS THE KEYBOARD AND EVERYTHING ELSE FALLS AWAY...

I'M TELLING YOU, PATS, IT'S HOT AS HELL.

TWICE IN ONE WEEK, DAIMON? THAT'S NO COINCIDENCE.

WHAT DID WE USED TO SAY? THAT YOU'RE ALWAYS THERE FOR ME WHENEVER *YOU* NEED SOMETHING?

OUCH, PATSY, YOU *WOUND* ME.

I'M HERE FOR *YOU*. I'M HERE TO HELP.

YOU REALLY ARE THE LITTLE DEVIL ON MY SHOULDER, AREN'T YOU?

HELP ME HOW?

I'VE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS FROM AFAR, AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU...THOSE RULES THAT APPLY TO STRANGE AND HIS ILK? *DON'T* APPLY TO ME.

I CAN CURE YOUR FRIEND'S CANCER WITH A TWITCH OF MY NOSE.

AND LET ME GUESS: ALL IT'LL COST HER IS HER SOUL, RIGHT?

NO, PATSY, JUST *YOURS*.

MY--?

GOD, IT'S ALWAYS *SOME* ANGLE WITH YOU, ISN'T IT?

WELL, FORGET IT, HELLSTROM, NO DEAL.

NO? WELL, WE'LL SEE. IT'S ***EARLY*** YET. YOUR GAL-PAL'S ***BARELY*** STARTED TO WASTE AWAY. CONSIDER THIS A STANDING OFFER.

I'D SAY MORE, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE SUMMONED INTO THE DRESSING ROOM BY THAT INTRIGUING RAMBEAU PERSON.

WHAT--?

PATSY--

--CAN YOU COME IN HERE FOR A MINUTE?

Fitting Room
please do not bring more than five articles at any time. thank you.

I...

...SURE.

SINCE APPARENTLY I'M TALKING TO NO ONE.

WE WERE LAUGHING, JOKING, HAVING A GRAND TIME, AND THEN--

--I DON'T KNOW, SHE JUST STOPPED TALKING ALL OF A SUDDEN.

ANGIE? YOU ALL RIGHT?

I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A MASTECTOMY.

I DON'T CARE IF I LOSE MY HAIR, BUT...I DON'T WANT TO PUT MY BODY THROUGH THE REST OF IT.

LISTEN, NO ONE'S TALKING ABOUT THAT YET. THAT'S A LAST RESORT.

PATSY'S RIGHT, ANGIE. AND THEY DON'T COME MUCH SMARTER THAN HANK PYM. IF ANYONE CAN HELP, *HE* CAN.

BUT WHAT IF HE *CAN'T?* WHAT IF HE *CAN'T* HELP?

WHAT THEN?

WE...

I CAN CURE YOUR FRIEND WITH A TWITCH OF MY NOSE.

ALL IT WOULD COST IS YOUR SOUL, PATSY.

...WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING, ANGIE, I *SWEAR.*

MARVEL DIVAS

BOOK TWO OF FOUR: A SECOND OPINION

3

NEW YORK CITY. ANGELICA JONES.

THEY SAY WHEN YOU'RE CLOSE TO DEATH, YOUR LIFE FLASHES BEFORE YOUR EYES...

Welcome to the Massachusetts Academy
PROFESSOR EMMA FROST

"I ASSUME THAT'S WHEN YOU'RE IN *IMMEDIATE* DANGER...

"BUT THIS IS A *SLOW BURN*...

"A FIGHT TO THE DEATH THAT'S WAGED OVER WEEKS...

"...AND IT'S LESS A FLASH, AND MORE ME REMEMBERING SNIPPETS FROM MY LIFE, GOOD AND BAD, AT WEIRD TIMES."

"I UNDERSTAND..."

NOW TELL ME, ANGELICA: WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO HEAR YOUR CONFESSION?

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN INSIDE A CHURCH IN YEARS, FATHER.

MY MOM AND DAD WERE CATHOLIC, I WAS *RAISED* CATHOLIC, BUT NOW...I'M NOT SURE WHAT I BELIEVE.

WE ALL HAVE MOMENTS OF DOUBT. LET ME ASK IT ANOTHER WAY: WHY DID YOU COME HERE TODAY?

I GUESS I WANTED *COMFORT.*

I WANTED TO KNOW THAT IF THE WORST HAPPENS...I'LL BE OKAY.

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE:

I'M NOT REALLY AN "*ARE YOU THERE, GOD? IT'S ME, PATSY*" KIND OF GIRL, BUT IF IT'S WHAT MY FRIEND ANGELICA NEEDS, I'M GONNA MAKE SURE SHE GETS IT...

...WHICH IS PRETTY MUCH HOW IT'S BEEN SINCE I WENT WITH HER TO SEE HANK PYM.

I THINK, ANGIE, WE TREAT THIS THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

AGGRESSIVE CHEMOTHERAPY TO SHRINK THE TUMOR.

THEN A LUMPECTOMY TO GET IT OUT OF YOU.

THEN MORE CHEMO IF WE NEED IT.

I LIKE THAT PYM'S NO-NONSENSE, BUT *JEEZ*, DO *ANY* OF THESE SUPER HERO DOCTORS HAVE A GOOD BEDSIDE MANNER?

ARE YOU SURE CHEMO'S MY BEST OPTION, HANK?

YEAH, WHAT ABOUT... RADIATION?

WITH ALL THE MICROWAVES ALREADY COURSING THROUGH ANGELICA'S BODY? NOT A GOOD IDEA. IN FACT...

...EVENTUALLY, WE'LL GET YOU BACK INTO A SUIT THAT'LL ***DRAIN*** THE EXCESS RADIATION FROM YOU ON A REGULAR BASIS, BUT RIGHT NOW, WE NEED TO ***FLUSH YOU OUT*** AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.

HENCE, YOUR LITTLE TRIP.

ONCE YOU'VE COMMITTED TO CHEMO, THERE'S *LOTS* OF STEPS TO PREPARE.

IN ANGIE'S CASE, SHE HAD TO *PURGE* HER BODY OF AS MUCH OF HER MICROWAVE RADIATION AS POSSIBLE.

PYM SENT HER TO THE SAVAGE LAND, WHERE SHE COULD *BURN, BABY, BURN.*

ME? I WENT ALONG SO SHE COULD DO IT IN *PEACE.*

BACK OFF, BUSTER! WE'RE NOT THE RUNAWAYS!

AFTERWARD, PYM RAN SOME MORE TESTS.

BETTER. WE CAN *MANAGE* THESE LEVELS OF RADIATION NOW.

ALSO, I TALKED TO YOUR ONCOLOGIST, AND WE IDENTIFIED THE DRUGS WE WANT TO START YOU ON ASAP. FOUR CYCLES, INFUSION TREATMENT ON THE 1ST AND 8TH DAYS, REST ON DAYS 2 TO 7, 9 TO 21.

SHOULD WE BE WRITING THIS DOWN?

AND SO, A WEEK LATER:

I CALLED DR. PYM AND ASKED IF I COULD ADMINISTER THE TREATMENT MYSELF.

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE MORE COMFORTABLE.

I AM, *DEFINITELY.* THANKS, LINDA.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

HERE, LET ME TAKE YOUR COAT AND WE'LL GET STARTED.

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL BE WITH YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

I'VE *ALWAYS* HAD A THING ABOUT NEEDLES AND BLOOD...

CAN I LOOK NOW?

YES, PATSY--

--AND GUESS WHAT? LINDA FOUND MY VEIN ON THE FIRST TRY!

I NEVER MISS. IT'S PRACTICALLY MY MUTANT ABILITY.

GREAT... AWESOME...

HERE'S THE DEAL.

THE DRUGS MOSTLY ATTACK CELLS THAT ARE DIVIDING. THE MAJORITY OF THE CELLS IN YOUR BODY ARE IN A NATURAL STATE OF REST, BUT CANCER CELLS... DIVIDE LIKE CRAZY.

SO THEY GET THE WORST OF IT.

THE OTHER CELLS--YOUR HEALTHY CELLS-- *WILL* WEAKEN, BUT THEY'LL BOUNCE BACK BETWEEN TREATMENTS. THE THING IS...

...CERTAIN CELLS IN MY BODY ARE ALWAYS DIVIDING.

LIKE MY HAIR CELLS.

AND THE ONES IN YOUR BLOOD, YOUR MOUTH, YOUR INTESTINAL TRACT, YOUR NAILS...

THERE *ARE* GOING TO BE SIDE EFFECTS, ANGELICA. THAT'S JUST THE REALITY.

AND THERE WERE.

THEY STARTED LIKE CLOCKWORK, AFTER THE FIRST TREATMENT.

ANGIE? HONEY? YOU OKAY IN THERE?

YEAH, MONICA, JUST--

--I NEED A MINUTE.

SOME, EXPECTED.

OTHERS, LESS SO.

OKAY, *THIS* IS BIZARRE, FELICIA.

WHAT IS?

MY SALAD... DOESN'T TASTE LIKE SALAD.

IT TASTES LIKE...I DON'T KNOW, I CAN'T PLACE IT.

NIGHT NURSE MENTIONED THIS, REMEMBER?

CHEMO CAN AFFECT YOUR SENSE OF SMELL, YOUR SENSE OF TASTE.

INDIVIDUALLY AND TOGETHER, WE DID OUR BEST TO HELP ANGIE THROUGH THE CYCLE.

SORRY I'M SO LAME, YOU GUYS...

GIRL, PLEASE. THIS IS WHY GOD INVENTED NETFLIX.

AND ROM-COMS.

AND GERARD BUTLER.

NETFLIX

I THINK WE WERE ALL SECRETLY HOPING THAT THE WORST WOULDN'T HAPPEN. THAT SOMEHOW, ANGELICA WOULD BE AN EXCEPTION.

NO SUCH LUCK.

IT STARTED IN THE SHOWER, ANGIE TOLD ME...

GOT WORSE AS THE DAYS PROGRESSED...

UNTIL, PRETTY SOON, SHE'D WAKE UP IN THE MORNING, AND HER PILLOW WOULD BE COVERED WITH RED STRANDS.

SHE'S A BRAVE GIRL, THOUGH, THAT ANGELICA JONES.

SHE FOUGHT THE *JUGGERNAUT* ONCE.

PATSY? DENIAL'S A MIGHTY RIVER, BUT I'M *DONE* PUTTING THIS OFF.

YOU USED TO BE A MODEL; YOU MUST KNOW ALL THE BEST HAIR AND WIG PEOPLE, RIGHT?

I CALLED IN A FAVOR.

PATSY, YOU BIG TRAMP, WHERE IN *THE H* HAVE YOU BEEN?

THE UPPER EAST SIDE, DUSTY, LIKE ALWAYS.

DUSTY, THIS IS MY FRIEND I CALLED YOU ABOUT--

--FIRESTAR! OH, MY GOD!

BEST. COSTUME. ***EVER.*** (EXCEPT FOR DAZZLER.)

OH-- WELL-- THANKS.

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING, HON, DUSTY ROSS IS GONNA KISS IT AND MAKE IT ALL BETTER, I PROMISE!

PATSY...? HELP...?

THANK GOD FOR GAY MEN. THEY JUST MAKE THINGS BETTER, DON'T THEY?

I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF PREPARING A FEW OPTIONS FOR YOU. I THOUGHT: "OF COURSE WE COULD GO TRADITIONAL, SURE, THAT'S THE SAFE CHOICE, BUT WHY NOT AN UPDATE?"

SOMETHING FUN, SOMETHING SASSY, SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS 1985.

(NO OFFENSE, HON, BUT WE'VE COME A LONG WAY SINCE BOBS.)

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO--

THE CARRIE...

THE MIRANDA...

THE CHARLOTTE...

AND THE SAMANTHA.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, HON? *ANY* OF THEM? *ALL* OF THEM? TALK TO ME.

I THINK, MAYBE--

--MAYBE I WANT TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

WHEN ANGIE TOLD ME HER IDEA, I WAS SKEPTICAL...

...BUT IN THE END, I HAD TO AGREE WITH DUSTY.

VERY SINÉAD. *VERY* SIGOURNEY. *VERY* DEMI.

PATSY...?

YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL, ANGELICA.

BEAUTIFUL? *UNDERSTATEMENT!* SHE PUTS THE *STAR* IN FIRESTAR!

DO YOU THINK FELICIA AND MONICA WILL LIKE IT?

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

AND THAT'S HOW THE COASTER ROLLED, UP AND DOWN, BAD DAYS AND GOOD, WHILE ANGELICA'S TREATMENT CONTINUED...

...UNTIL PYM AND ANGIE'S ONCOLOGIST, DR. HILL, DECIDED THE TUMOR HAD SHRUNK ENOUGH FOR SURGERY.

WHICH BRINGS US TO--WELL, TODAY.

SISTER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

HEY! HOW DID IT GO?

I DUNNO...

I TALKED TO A NICE MAN, I LIT A CANDLE, SAID A PRAYER...

I'M STILL SCARED, PATSY.

STAY STRONG, ANGIE.

I AM. I'M TRYING.

YOU'RE DOING GREAT. COME ON, LET'S GET YOU TO--

METRO-GENERAL HOSPITAL.
A FEW HOURS LATER, POST-SURGERY.

I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TELL YOU ALL NIGHT, MONICA, YOU LOOK *INCREDIBLE* IN THAT DRESS...

WHAT, THIS OLD THING?

I'VE GOT THAT THINGIE WITH BROTHER VOODOO TONIGHT, REMEMBER?

DOCTOR VOODOO, I KEEP FORGETTING THAT.

EXIT

Waiting

MATTER OF FACT...I SHOULD PROBABLY GET GOING.

ME, TOO. I'LL WALK OUT WITH YOU.

HOT DATE WITH THOMAS?

HE *WISHES*--

--BUT NO, I'M WORKING.

WANT A RIDE, PATS?

AND BY THAT, I MEAN *CAB* RIDE; I'M NOT FLYING IN THESE HEELS.

NO, YOU TWO GO AHEAD. I'M GONNA STAY, I THINK.

Living Better

SHE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO WAKE UP FOR HOURS, THE DOCTOR SAID.

SERIOUSLY, PATSY, GO HOME, GET SOME REST. WE'LL ALL RECONVENE IN THE MORNING. I'LL BRING BAGELS.

IF SHE *DOES* WAKE UP, I DON'T WANT HER TO BE ALONE.

PATSY--

I'LL ONLY STAY A LITTLE BIT LONGER! YOU TWO GO AHEAD, I'LL TAKE THE SUBWAY HOME!

...

ALL RIGHT...

BUT I'M CALLING YOU LATER, AND YOU *BETTER* BE IN BED, WATCHING CONAN.

LATER.

SORRY, GIRLS, BUT I'M NOT GOING *ANYWHERE* UNTIL ANGELICA'S UP AND ASKING ME IF VANCE HAS SENT FLOWERS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN OCCULT AND PARANORMAL SOCIETY'S ANNUAL BENEFIT AUCTION. (SERIOUSLY.)

HOW YOU HOLDING UP, 'BEAU?

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

FINE, JERICHO, EXCEPT THAT THESE WEIRDOS KEEP HITTING ON ME.

LISTEN, THEY'RE CHUMPS, BUT THEY'RE *POWERFUL*, ESPECIALLY IN NUMBERS, AND THEY HAVE SOMETHING I *WANT*.

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

LOT 404, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ORIGINALLY CATALOGUED IN BOMBAY, INDIA, BY SERGEANT MAJOR W.W. JACOBS, CIRCA 1902--

--THE LEGENDARY MONKEY'S PAW.

SHALL I START THE BIDDING AT FIFTEEN THOUSAND? FIFTEEN THOUSAND FOR THE LEGENDARY MONKEY'S PAW?

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M BIDDING ON THIS PIECE OF CRAP...

I'M DEBASING THE CAPTAIN MARVEL NAME AND LEGACY...

GET THAT PAW, RAMBEAU!

FIFTEEN THOUSAND!

FIFTEEN THOUSAND, DO I HEAR TWENTY THOUSAND?

TWENTY-FIVE.

DAMN.

FIFTY THOUSAND!

GOOD GIRL.

QUIET, I'M CONCENTRATING.

SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND!

WE HAVE SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND--

--DO WE HAVE A *HUNDRED?* A HUNDRED THOUSAND FOR THE LEGENDARY--

MONICA--

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

AND YOU JUST *TRY* TO OUTBID ME, MERLIN!

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS--

DO I HEAR *THREE* HUNDRED THOUSAND?

GOING ONCE...

GOING TWICE...

SOLD, TO THE STUNNING WOMAN IN THE STUNNING DRESS!

I'M ON MY WAY, DRUMM.

AND I WANT A CHECK FOR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND THE BEST BORDEAUX IN MANHATTAN WAITING FOR ME...

THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.
A CONVENIENT SKYLIGHT.
A RELUCTANT THIEF.

DON'T DO THIS, LEESH.

I TOLD YOU: I'LL LEND YOU THE MONEY YOU NEED TO START YOUR BUSINESS.

YOU'RE FOLLOWING ME NOW?

OH, THOMAS, THOMAS, THOMAS...

CRACK

YOU COULD'VE BEEN A CONTENDER, STUD.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, FELICIA, COULD YOU TAKE IT DOWN A NOTCH?!

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING, FOR--

--TOO LONG, PUMA!

I'M NOT A HERO, I'M A *THIEF.*

BORN A THIEF, *RAISED* A THIEF, WILL *DIE* A THIEF.

IS THAT YOU--

--OR YOUR *DADDY* TALKING?

HOW DARE YOU?!

DAMN IT, CAT, GET THIS THROUGH YOUR THICK HEAD--

AS LONG AS I'M IN YOUR LIFE, I'M *NOT* GOING TO LET YOU BACKSLIDE!

I MEAN IT.

YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME.

SO BE IT.

YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT ME, OKAY, I CAN *DEAL* WITH THAT--

--BUT CONSIDER *THIS:* YOU BREAK INTO A MUSEUM, STEAL SOME JEWELS...

...AND WHAT WILL THE *SPIDER* THINK?

YOU--

YOU--

YOU'RE *FIRED*, THOMAS...

...AS MY BUSINESS MANAGER *AND* MY LOVER.

MIDNIGHT. THE WITCHING HOUR.

=SNIFF= =SNIFF=

BRIMSTONE. AGAIN. THAT MEANS--

...

I COULD SET MY WATCH BY YOU, DAIMON. YOUR SUDDEN ELEVENTH-HOUR APPEARANCES ARE STARTING TO GET VERY, VERY *PREDICTABLE*.

LAST ONE, I PROMISE. ANYWAY, IT'S DO-OR-DIE TIME. FORK-IN-THE-ROAD TIME.

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT IT COULD GO EITHER WAY FOR YOUR LITTLE FRIEND THERE.

MEANING?

SHE COULD WAKE UP TOMORROW, THE SURGERY A COMPLETE SUCCESS, HER BODY CLEAR OF ANY AND ALL MALIGNANCY--

--*OR* SHE COULD WAKE UP AND BE TOLD BY HER DOCTORS THAT THE CANCER HAS SPREAD... TO HER BRAIN...TO HER STOMACH...TO HER PELVIS--

ENOUGH.

I GET IT, DAIMON, AND NO ONE'S GIVING UP THEIR SOUL TO YOU!

UNDERSTOOD. BUT I'VE GOT *ANOTHER* OFFER. TOO GOOD TO PASS UP.

JOIN ME IN MY REALM FOR *ONE NIGHT*, AND I *PROMISE*, SHE'LL WAKE UP 100% CURED.

ONE NIGHT IN HELL...AGAINST MY FRIEND'S LIFE.

NO CHOICE AT ALL, REALLY.

ALL RIGHT, DAIMON.

BUT ONLY ONE--

DONE.

WELCOME BACK TO HELL--

--WHERE ONE NIGHT LASTS *FOREVER.*

KER-RACK

+GASP!+

WHA...?

PATSY...?

MARVEL DIVAS BOOK THREE OF FOUR: A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

TO BE CONCLUDED!

IT'S SATURDAY MORNING, 5:45 A.M.

YOU'RE A SUPER HEROINE LIVING IN NEW YORK CITY...

WHERE ARE YOU?

IF YOU'RE IN THE KNOW...

DANNY RAND'S ZEN YOGA CLASS.

THAT'S RIGHT, LADIES. *STREEETCH...*

...AND RELEASE.

STREEEETCH...

FELICIA HAD A ROUGH NIGHT WITH THE PUMA AND IS TRYING TO WORK OUT THE KINKS. ME? I *DIDN'T* HAVE A ROUGH NIGHT WITH VOODOO, SO I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT THE KINKS. THEN IT'S OFF TO THE HOSPITAL TO CHECK IN WITH PATSY AND--

PSST. HEY, MONICA?

MARVEL DIVAS BOOK FOUR OF FOUR: HELL HATH NO FURY...

KNOKK KNOKK

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, DANNY, BUT FELICIA, MONICA--

CAN I HAVE A WORD?

TAKE IT OUTSIDE.

THE GARDEN OF SERENITY.

I WOKE UP, FEELING FINE, AND PATSY WAS GONE, AND THERE WAS THIS WEIRD SMELL IN THE ROOM, AND I THINK MAYBE DAIMON TOOK HER TO HELL.

OR *SOMETHING.*

WHOA, WHOA, *WHOA--*

JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS MUCH?

OCCASIONALLY, ESPECIALLY WITH BOYFRIENDS, *YES,* BUT CHECK IT OUT--

--HER LAPTOP WAS JUST SITTING THERE, IN A CHAIR.

HELP! DAIMON TAKING ME TO HELL! AGAIN!!

OKAY, THAT *DOES* SEEM TO SUPPORT YOUR THEORY.

IS PATSY *CRAZY?* WHY WAS SHE EVEN *TALKING* TO THAT FREAK?

I...

I THINK SHE MADE SOME KIND OF DEAL WITH DAIMON AND *THAT'S* WHY I FEEL BETTER. BECAUSE--*UHM*-- WHEN I SAY "*BETTER,*" I DON'T MEAN "*WELL-RESTED*" BETTER, I MEAN "*CANCER-FREE*" BETTER.

I THINK I'M CURED, GUYS.

I HATE MEN. MEN SUCK. WHY DO MEN SUCK?

DEAL OR NO DEAL, WE ARE *NOT* GONNA TAKE A POWDER WHILE PATSY *ROTS* IN SOME DISCO INFERNO--

"--AM I RIGHT, LADIES?"

YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART?

YOU THINK YOU'RE *OH-SO-CLEVER?*

THINK AGAIN, HELLSPAWN!

PATSY.

GO D!

PATSY, PATSY, PATSY.

I CAN KEEP THIS UP *FOREVER.*

AND I MEAN THAT *LITERALLY,* NOW THAT WE'RE IN MY DOMAIN.

THUD

MY NAME IS PATSY WALKER AND THIS IS MY PERSONAL HELL:

UHNFF--

EXTREME CAGE-FIGHTING WITH AN EX-BOYFRIEND FOR ALL ETERNITY.

FOR A *VERY* CAPTIVE AUDIENCE.

DEMONS FOR DAIMON

WOO-HOO!

YOU MAY HAVE TRICKED ME, DAIMON, BUT YOU HAVEN'T BROKEN ME.

'CAUSE IF YOU THINK *THIS* IS BAD--

TRY BEING ***SINGLE*** IN ALASKA--

THAT'S HELL.

CRACK!

OUCH.

YOU'RE REALLY RATHER FUNNY, YOU KNOW.

BUT TO BE CLEAR: I WANT MY CONJUGAL PRIVILEGES REINSTATED.

FOR ONE GLORIOUS, *SUBLIME* NIGHT, AT LEAST.

UGH--

YOU'RE A *PIG*--

MAYBE. BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNTIL I HAVE MY NIGHT.

NOT. GONNA. HAPPEN.

LET'S SEE WHERE THAT DEFIANT SPIRIT OF YOURS IS IN A YEAR OR TWO.

OR TEN.

THE CROWD ROARS AT THE THOUGHT OF A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE OF THE SEXES...

COME ON, GIRLS, WHERE'S MY CAVALRY WHEN I NEED IT?

JERICHO DRUMM'S APARTMENT.

YOU LADIES KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?

NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING. I'VE HAD *WORSE* WAKE-UP CALLS.

COFFEE?

IT'S EARLY, JERICHO. AND NOW THAT YOU'RE SORCERER SUPREME, YOU NEED YOUR BEAUTY REST, BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY.

HOT. REMINDS ME, IN A WAY, OF...

THOMAS.

WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE OUR FRIEND PATSY'S BEEN TRAPPED IN HELL BY HER EX-BOYFRIEND DAIMON AND--

CAN YOU GET HER OUT? CAST SOME SPELL OR SOMETHING?

WAIT A MINUTE. DAIMON, AS IN...

...HELLSTROM?

YE--

MAYBE.

WHAT DIFFERENCE WOULD IT MAKE?

THE DIFFERENCE IS...HELLSTROM'S A *BAD-#%@.*

IF I CAN AVOID MESSING WITH *THAT* JUJU, I DO.

JERICHO... THAT MONKEY'S PAW I SNAGGED FOR YOU GRANTS WISHES, RIGHT?

YE-ES, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK TRANS-DIMENSIONALLY.

I'M ASSUMING, FELICIA, YOU TAKE YOUR COFFEE WITH CREAM, BUT ANGELICA--?

SUGAR, NO CREAM.

WHAT DOES "NOT TRANS-DIMENSIONALLY" MEAN?

IT MEANS YOU CAN'T WISH YOUR FRIEND OUT OF HELL 'CAUSE HELL'S IN ANOTHER DIMENSION. AND ANYWAY--

COULD WE WISH *OURSELVES* INTO HELL? HYPOTHETICALLY?

YES, BUT--

MONICA? WHAT ARE YOU--?

I WISH US INTO HELL. ME, ANGIE, AND FELICIA--

MONICA, NO--

KKOOOOOSH

DAMN IT, GIRL...

THE MONKEY'S PAW *NEVER* WORKS THE WAY YOU WANT IT TO.

CUT TO:

THAT'S JUST GREAT, MONICA, BUT HOW DO WE GET BACK? AND HOW DO WE FIND PATSY? NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE, BUT I'M ASSUMING HELL'S *BIG.*

I FIGURED IF I WAS *HOLDING* THE PAW, IT WOULD, YOU KNOW, COME WITH US.

UHM, GUYS? I DON'T KNOW ABOUT GETTING HOME, BUT IN TERMS OF FINDING PATSY...

...SOMETHING TELLS ME WE SHOULD START *THERE.*

TIMES LIKE THIS...

...ONE WISHES WE HAD A BATTLE CRY.

TIMES LIKE THIS ONE WISHES YOU COULD FLY.

INSIDE THE CASTLE:

THIS IS NICE, DON'T YOU THINK?

DELIGHTFUL.

WHY DID WE WAIT SO LONG?

MORE WINE?

FOR ME, I MEAN.

I'M *SERIOUS*, DAIMON.

WHY COME AFTER ME NOW? WHY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

YOU REALLY HAVE NO IDEA?

NOT A CLUE.

...

YOUR DAMN *BOOK*, PATSY.

OMG, HE'S GOT TO BE KIDDING.

YOU'RE BARELY MENTIONED IN MY BOOK.

...

I KNOW.

OH, MY GOD...

AND YOU FEEL SLIGHTED?

WHAT KIND OF EGOMANIAC ARE YOU?

RIGHT. FORGET I ASKED.

KER-RASH!!!

FELICIA, GET PATSY--

ANGELICA, HELP ME WITH HELLSTROM--

POUR IT ON, GIRL!

HNFF. WHO DIED AND MADE *HER* LEADER?

YOU OKAY?

ANNOYED I'M STILL DEALING WITH THIS CHAPTER OF MY LIFE.

TAKE IT BACK, HELLSTROM--

TAKE-- YOUR DEAL--

WITH PATSY-- BACK!

PSST, ANGIE! THAT WASN'T THE PLAN!

DON'T YOU *DARE*, DAIMON!

THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND ME--

YOU CURED ANGIE? SHE *STAYS* CURED--

UH, PATS? I DON'T THINK HE'S SUGGESTING OTHERWISE.

ENOUGH!!

YOUR BUXOM FRIEND'S RIGHT, PATSY.

THESE THEATRICS ARE ENJOYABLE, BUT POINTLESS.

I AM THE SON OF SATAN! OUR BARGAIN STANDS!

FINE--

OR--YOU KNOW--WE COULD MAKE ANOTHER DEAL. A BETTER DEAL.

LIKE HIS FATHER, DAIMON HAS A SERIOUS ACHILLES HEEL.

I HURT YOUR PRIDE, DAIMON, I GET THAT. AND I CAN FIX IT.

...

WHAT ARE YOU PROPOSING?

REVISIONS WHEN "CAT OUTTA HELL" IS RELEASED IN PAPERBACK. A CHAPTER ADMITTING THAT I'M STILL NOT OVER YOU.

...

TWO CHAPTERS.

UNBELIEVABLE, BUT--

FINE. DONE.

NOT QUITE.

IF I SEND YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HOME, LITTLE MISS STARSHINE GOES BACK TO PLAYING THE ODDS. THE LITTLE BOOST I GAVE HER PHYSIOLOGY...GOES AWAY. AND LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY.

OH, COME *ON*, DAI--

DEAL.

KER-RACK!

AND FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY DANIEL WEBSTER:

WE'RE BACK. (I *THINK* WE'RE BACK. I *THINK* THIS IS NEW YORK.)

IT'S NEW YORK. I CAN SMELL THE EAST RIVER.

ANGIE? ARE YOU CRAZY?

HOW ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I...

...I'M NOT SURE.

THE NEXT DAY.

...WE'VE BEEN TO HELL AND BACK, WE'VE SOUGHT OUT SUPER HERO SCIENTISTS AND WITCH DOCTORS, BUT IT ALL COMES RIGHT BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED.

A WOMAN IN A WAITING ROOM.

WAITING TO HEAR NEWS.

A DOOR OPENS:

--SO WE'LL SEE YOU IN THREE WEEKS, ANGIE. AND YOU HAVE MY NUMBER TO CALL IN CASE... IN CASE OF ANYTHING.

THANKS, LINDA. FOR EVERYTHING.

IT'S OFFICIAL. THE NIGHT NURSE *MAY* BE MY FAVORITE HEROINE.

Normal cell

WELL?

MY LYMPH NODES ARE CLEAR AND I HAVE A NEGATIVE MARGIN.

OH, NO. (I'LL *KILL* DAIMON IF HE SCREWED THIS UP...)

IS NEGATIVE... BAD?

I ASKED THE SAME THING.

NEGATIVE MARGIN MEANS THE CANCER DIDN'T SPREAD BEYOND THE TUMOR. NEGATIVE MEANS...NO MORE SURGERY.

MY HEART LEAPS A BIT. I'M SCARED TO ASK THE QUESTION BUT I DO.

SO-- YOU'RE OKAY? YOU'RE-- CURED?

THE LEFT SIDE OF MY BODY'S GONNA HURT LIKE HELL FROM THE SURGERY IN A WEEK OR TWO. AND I'M GONNA BE TIRED FROM THE CHEMO FOR, LIKE, MONTHS. AND FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS I'LL BE HOLDING MY BREATH, PRAYING I DON'T HAVE A RECURRENCE.

APART FROM ALL THAT...

...AS OF TODAY...

...YES, I'M CURED.

I'LL TAKE THAT.

HELL'S KITCHEN. SEVERAL WEEKS LATER.

A LITTLE TO THE LEFT, MONICA.

A LITTLE MORE, A LITTLE MORE...

I'M ABOUT THREE SECONDS FROM *DROPPING* THIS, SO--

CAT'S EYE PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS

PERFECT. NAIL THAT SUCKER IN.

UH-- UH-- UH--

PRIVATE

EXCUSE US? I'M DEXTER--

I'M EUGENE--

AND WE OWN THE COMIC SHOP NEXT DOOR, *DIE PUNY HUMANS,* AND WE WERE JUST WONDERING--

CAT'S EYE

ARE YOU *SERIOUSLY* THE BLACK CAT AND ARE WE *SERIOUSLY* GONNA BE NEIGHBORS?

SHE IS AND YOU ARE, FELLAS.

HEY, LEESH. GOT A MINUTE?

...SURE, THOMAS.

COME ON, BOYS, I'LL GIVE YOU THE GRAND TOUR INSIDE.

OMIGOD, SHE'S *TALKING* TO US. CAPTAIN MARVEL IS ACTUALLY *SPEAKING* TO US.

PHOTON, DUDE, IT'S *PHOTON.*

YOU MIGHT HAVE FOUND YOUR VERY FIRST CUSTOMERS. "MS. HARDY, MS. HARDY, SOMEONE STOLE MY COPY OF ***FANTASTIC FOUR*** NUMBER ONE, CAN YOU HELP ME TRACK IT DOWN?"

SORRY I HAVEN'T CALLED YOU BACK, THOMAS. I'VE BEEN BUSY.

I CAN SEE. LOOKS GREAT. WOULD IT OFFEND YOU IF I ASKED--?

WHERE I GOT THE MONEY? HAVE I GONE BACK TO MY THIEVING WAYS?

I DIDN'T AND I DON'T PLAN TO. I BORROWED THE MONEY FOR THE DOWN PAYMENT FROM...

"...A WEALTHY GENTLEMAN WHO ONCE TOOK AN INTEREST IN ME."

YOU'VE CAUGHT ME IN...A BENEVOLENT MOOD, MS. HARDY.

SO MUCH SO, IN FACT, THAT I WILL HELP YOU OPEN YOUR LITTLE ***BOUTIQUE.***

THANKS, WILSON.

IS THIS A NEW LOVE INTEREST?

WHAT? NO, ABSOLUTELY NOT.

GOD, NO.

IN THAT CASE, SINCE MONEY ISN'T AN ISSUE ANYMORE--

THOMAS, I CAN'T.

I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID. YOU KEPT ME FROM BACKSLIDING. BUT...

THIS WHOLE THING'S BEEN A WAKE-UP CALL.

PUSH COMES TO SHOVE, I DON'T *WANT* TO BE IN A RELATIONSHIP.

AND IT'S NOT JUST 'CAUSE I'M STARTING A BUSINESS, IT'S ALSO...

ME. YOU DON'T WANT TO BE IN A RELATIONSHIP WITH *ME*.

WE HAD A GOOD TIME, YOU'RE SEXY AS HELL, AND YOUR HEART'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE, BUT...

...NO, I DON'T.

DOES THAT MAKE ME A HORRIBLE PERSON?

IT MAKES YOU HONEST.

I'M STILL GIVING YOU THIS.

CRISTAL BRUT, 1990, METHUSELAH.

THOMAS, THIS...IS A TWENTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

I KNOW, SO--

USE IT WISELY.

LATER. FELICIA HARDY'S LOFT.

POPPI!!

LADIES, LET'S TOAST.

TO BEING HAPPY, HEALTHY, AND WISE.

I'LL DRINK TO THAT.

AND TO BEING SINGLE.

SINGLE? SO YOU AND JERICHO--?

ME AND JERICHO ARE JUST *FRIENDS*, AND IF YOU WRITE OTHERWISE IN YOUR NEW BOOK, PATSY, I *WILL* ENERGY-BLAST YOU.

MAZEL TOV!

L'CHAIM!

AVENGERS ASSEMBLE!

CLINKKK!!

SPEAKING OF YOUR NEW BOOK, HAVE YOU COME UP WITH A TITLE YET?

(WOW, THIS IS GOOD CHAMPAGNE--)

I DUNNO, I'M PLAYING AROUND WITH A FEW THINGS...

"SUPER VIXENS"? "THE FEMTASTIC FOUR"?

THE *WHAT?*

WHAT IS A VIXEN, ANYWAY?

A FEMALE FOX. I THINK *"SUPER VIXENS"* IS GOOD.

I'M A SUPER VIXEN.

I'VE SAID IT BEFORE, AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN:

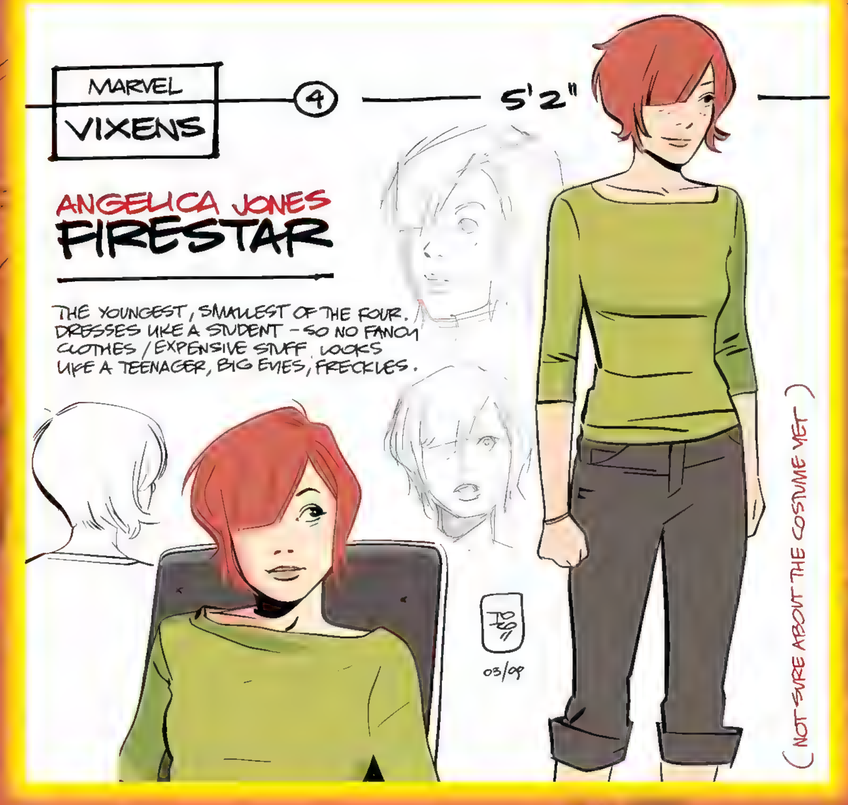
I *LOVE* MY GAL-PALS...

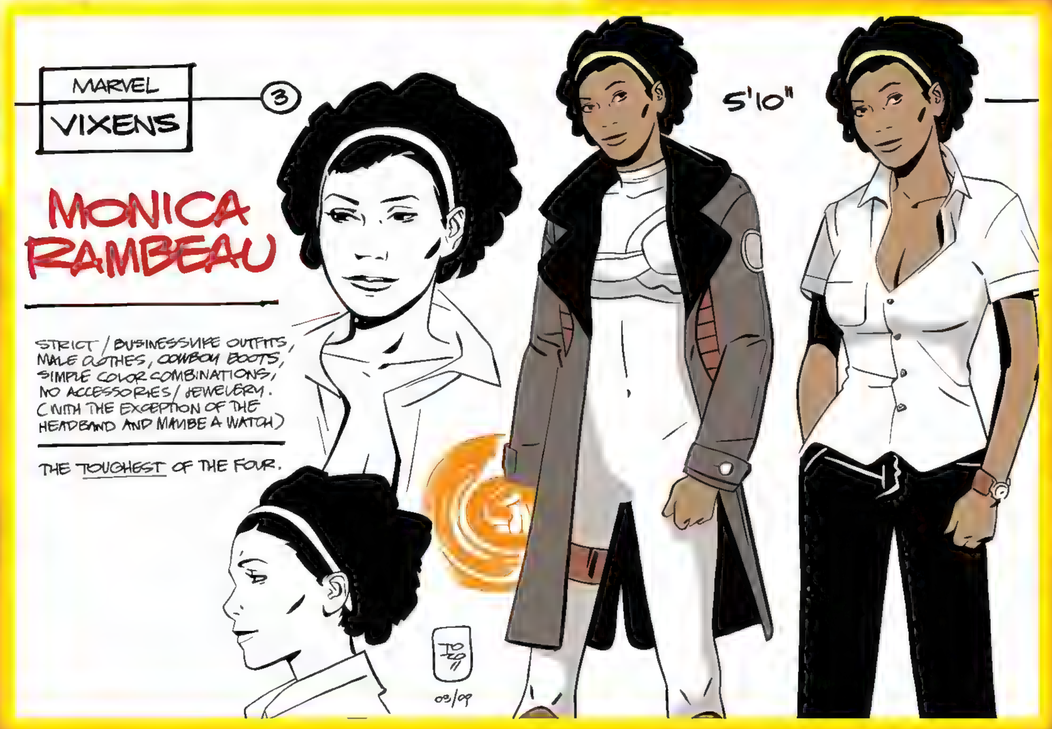
WHO *CARES* WHAT WE'RE CALLED?

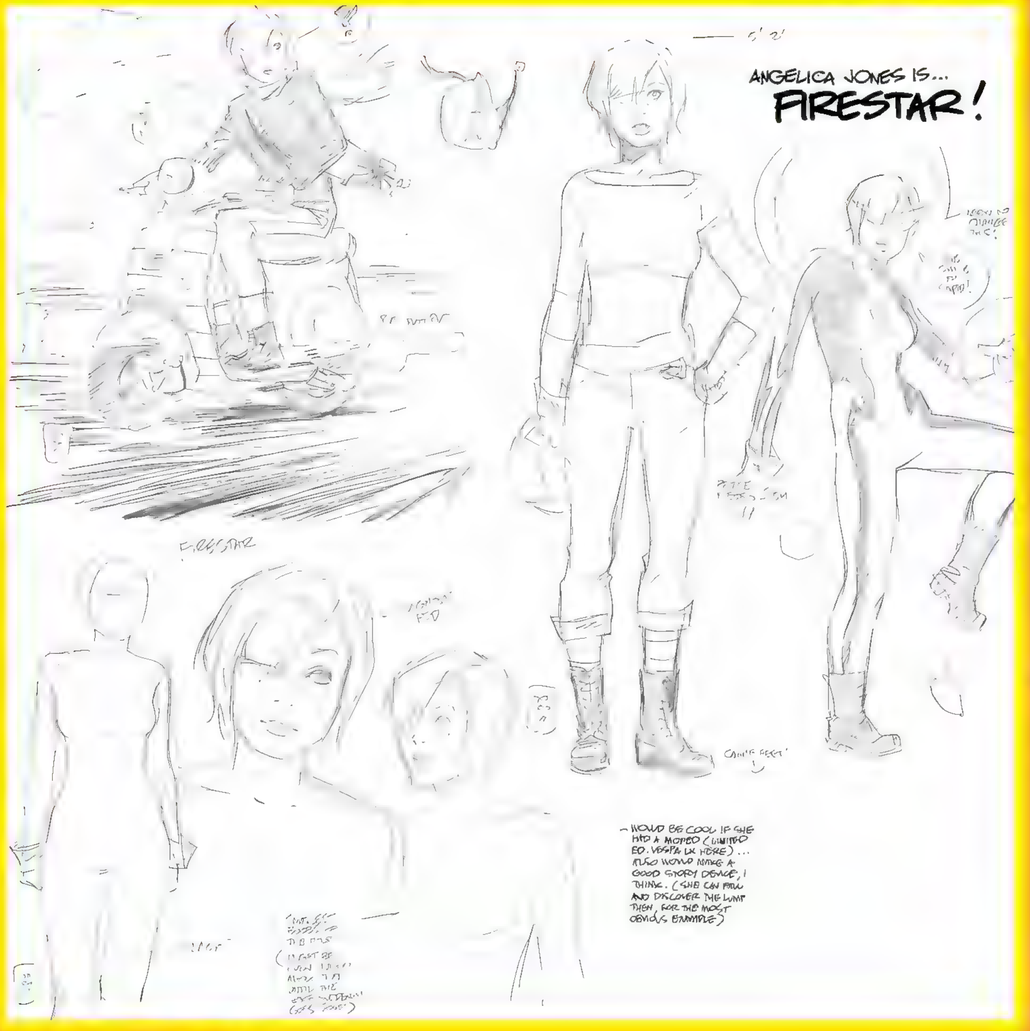
THE END!

#1 70s DECADE VARIANT COVER

TONCI ZONJI SKETCHBOOK







PATSY WALKER IS...

HELLCAT!

FELICIA HARDY IS...

BLACK CAT!

MARVEL VIXENS 1

PATSY WALKER

HELLCAT

NEARLY ALWAYS SMILING - ORANGE HAIR, BLUE (?) EYES, MOST "PROPORTIONATE" FACE AND THE BEST FIGURE OF THE FOUR. DRESSING SOMEWHAT CASUALLY, BUT STILL PRICEY. STRIPES, COLORS (SUBDUED), WOOL, HANDMADE THINGS.

5'8"

STRAIGHT CUT

THICKEST EYEBROWS

03/09

MARVEL VIXENS 2

FELICIA HARDY

BLACK CAT

DRESSING "OBVIOUSLY" — THE FLASHIEST OF THE FOUR. FURRY COLLARS ARE A MUST.

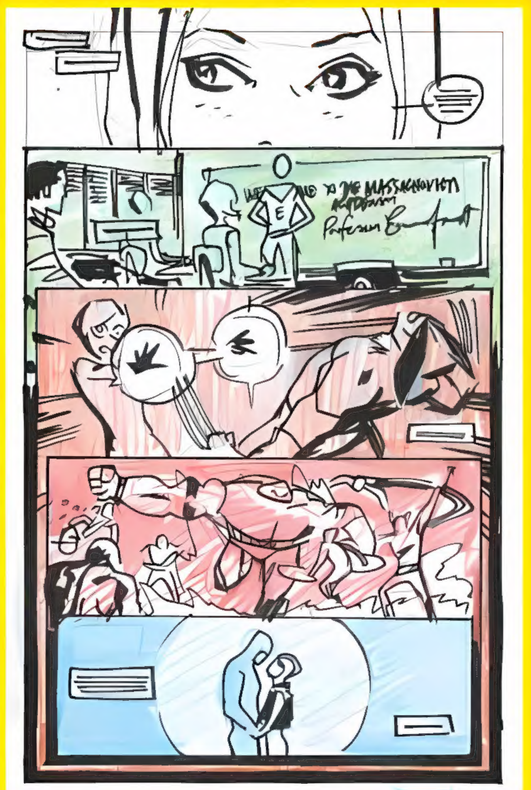
BIGGEST BOOBS / BIGGEST CLEAVAGE. WHITE / PLATINUM HAIR, EVIL/NICOLE KIDMAN EYEBROWS, GREEN EYES -

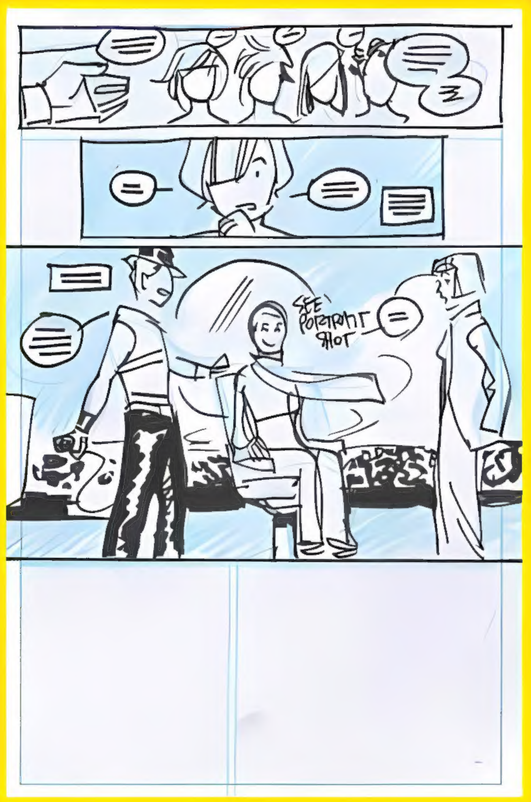
03/09

5'10"

(SAME AS MONICA)

ISSUE #3 PAGE LAYOUTS





Waiting

F

P

F

M

A CRACK OF LIGHT FROM THE DOOR...

B.V.

a Logo/ner

UNEGUS.

CRACK

FELICIA "BLACK CAT" HARDY

ANGELICA "FIRESTAR" JONES

PATSY "HELLCAT" WALKER

MONICA "PHOTON" RAMBEAU

What happens when you take four of the Marvel Universe's most fabulous single girls and throw them together, adding liberal amounts of suds and drama? You get the sassiest, sexiest, soapiest series to come out of the House of Ideas since Millie the Model! Romance, action, ex-boyfriends and a revelation that changes everything! Let your inner divas out with this one, you won't regret it!

Guest-starring Doctor Strange, Brother Voodoo and Daimon Hellstrom!

MARVEL

Collecting *Marvel Divas* #1-4, written by Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa (*Marvel Knights 4*) and illustrated by Tonci Zonjic (*Immortal Iron Fist*).